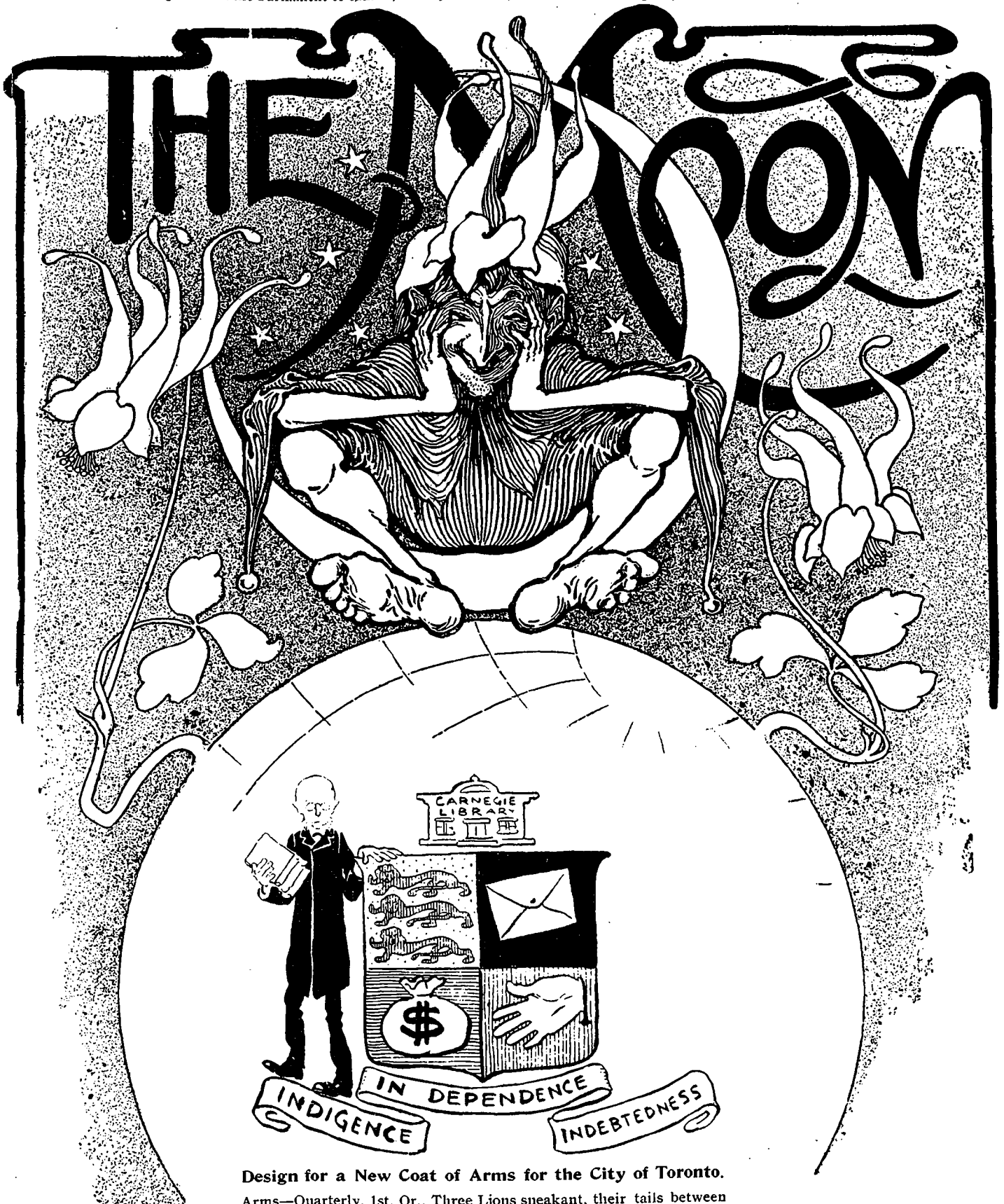


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Design for a New Coat of Arms for the City of Toronto.

Arms—Quarterly, 1st, Or., Three Lions sneaking, their tails between their legs, Gules; 4th, Gules, a Palm extended, Argent; 2nd, Sable, A Begging Letter, Argent; 3rd, Azure, A Dollar Bag, Argent.

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Canada's only Satirical Paper

For 1903

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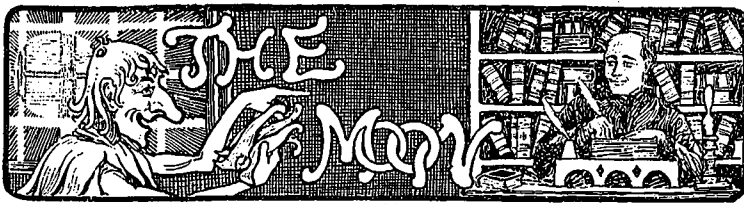
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The Last Lay of the Minstrel.

For well-a-day ! his dates are fled,
 His tuneful orchestra is dead,
 And he, sued, jailed and oppress'd,
 Wishes the Law would let him rest ;
 He prays once more to be in Rome,
 His final lay is " Home, Sweet Home ;"
 The last of foreign bards he'll be
 To sing of Yankee chivalry.

An Unfavorable Locality.

EMINENT Pugilist : " Say, boss, are you dead sure that they's nothin' in the law of your State agin' a glove fight? "
 Lawyer : " Perfectly certain. My opinion is that of the leading jurist of the State."

Eminent Pugilist : " An' the cops won't try and stop us? "

Lawyer : " No, certainly not."

Eminent Pugilist (to his backer) : " Well, then, I guess we'd best pull this fight off somewheres else, eh? "

Binks : " The papers, this morning, say the insurance men are raising their rates."

Jinks : " That's nothing. When I called on Miss Roxwell last evening, her father raised his nines."

JACK'S TRIALS.



TOO many people have,
 I think, the bringing
 up of me ;

'Sides pa an' ma, there's
 gran'ma Brown and
 great-grandmother
 Lee,

An' uncle Bob, an'
 uncle Dick, an' aunt
 Paulina Day,

An' cousin Tom (I hate
 him most), he has to
 have *his* say.

Now, if at meals I dare to speak one single little word,

Each gran'ma s'claims, " When I was young, children were seen, not heard ! "

Or if at play I yell and screech, just like an In'jun wild,

With hand o'er ear, aunt cries out : " The rod spar'd spoils this child."

One uncle says : " Your grammar's bad, you should not speak like that,"

The other : " Sound your vowels broad ; Why talk so awful flat? "

And then draws Tom, who knows it all, since he's to college been,

" P// teach that kid, hand him to *me*. Such ignorance is sin."

E'en Dinah White, our coal-black cook, drives me round like a slave,

And says : " P// lawn dat lil'l lamb just how he'd arter have."

And Lawyer Link, our neighbor, vows he'd work without a fee,

If he could pow'r of 'torney have for one year over me.

Whate'er it is I wish to do, where'er I want to go,

One says I may, one says may not, one yes, another no.

And when I grow as mad as hop—so many want to boss—

And 'spostulate and argufy, they say I'm giving sauce.

Now, if some Fairy should appear, from out some bush or brake,

And say : " Jack, what you wish you'll have," this is the wish I'd make :

That I might fly to some lone isle in some far distant sea,

With none but pa an' ma along to govern, bring up me.

—JENNIE VICKERY.

“There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know.”—Dryden.

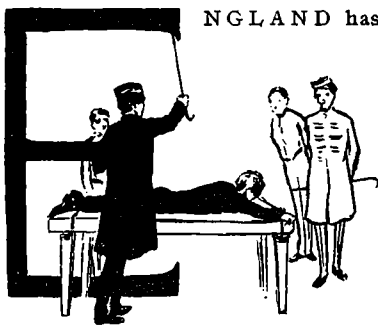
Vol. 2. FEBRUARY 21, 1903. No. 39.

48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.

All comic verse, prose or drawings submitted will receive careful examination, and fair prices will be paid for anything suitable for publication.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.



ENGLAND has recently received another electric shock, which has caused her to start quite perceptibly, and to exclaim: “My eye! Oh bother! Fudge!” One should believe that such vigorous profanity from England could be caused

only by something of great seriousness. Such is the case.

The Grenadier Guards—for years past, one of the most fashionable regiments in the British service—believing themselves to be falling somewhat into disrepute, resolved that it was necessary for them to show the leaders of society that they could be quite as prolific in scandal as the best of the civilian aristocrats. But as going on the stage, marrying dancers, bankruptcy, divorce, larceny of jewels, and bacarat have become hackneyed, it was necessary for them to invent something new and striking, that the imitation of others would stamp them as leaders. “Ragging” was unanimously adopted, no doubt because of its striking nature and the ease with which the rules that govern it can be learned. The plans of the inventors of the game worked almost miraculously; the fame of the Guards has spread over the civilized world. London civilian society is all in a flutter of excitement because of the march that the officers of the Guards have stolen on it. The Baron de Masche, the Duchess of Giddigay, Earl Crimsonbeak and Countess Fiddle-Faddle are loud in their denunciation of what they consider an infringement of their rights.

One can quite understand their annoyance, when one calls to mind the fact that the persons out-done have held this enviable championship for many successive years.

But, on the other hand, the action of the officers of the Guards is quite justified. The British army, from time

immemorial, has been a branch of the public service devoted exclusively to the attainment of physical perfection. The development of the mental qualities has never been attempted. It has made no attempt to develop—in fact, it has even discouraged—such contemptible attainments as tact, policy and resource. When, therefore, it introduces its celebrated “ragging,” it is not encroaching upon the rights of others, for the game is purely physical. It disarms criticism by the consistent manner in which it keeps within its province.

The MAN in the MOON ventures to predict that the original plan of the Guards—that is to have fashionable civilian society follow its example—will meet with the success that it so well deserves. Those very persons that are now green with envy—Masche, Giddigay, Crimsonbeak and Fiddle-Faddle—will, before the green grass comes, have their names in all the “court” columns as practicers of the fashionable game of “ragging.”

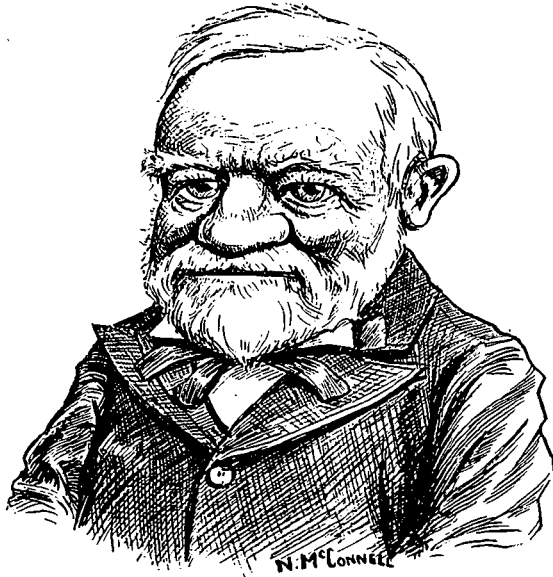
SINCE the raising of the Venezuela blockade the news has “leaked” out that Andrew Carnegie, Benefactor-General of the Human Race, offered to pay three hundred and sixty thousand dollars to Germany, on behalf of the South American Republic, that war might be averted.

Isn't that glorious news? And he still has more money. Think of it—more money, which we may get. Let us put on our thinking caps. Can we not start a famine, or a plague—or—why not a mimic war? Ah, there's the plan! Let our librarians, or our mayors, blockade our Customs houses; let the people rise in rebellion against such tyranny; notify Andrew Carnegie—and, presto! the thing is done—yes, and Andrew, too.

Some carpers, like the *Globe*, will object to the unnecessary noise, but, tut, it is the money that we want. What care we for noise, or scandal, or mud! Carnegie's money is gold money—glistening and heavy coins—acid proof. Think of that, friends, and drown your conscience in a flood of gold—yellow gold.

THE Yeomen of the Guard, appointed to do the work of germ-hunting in the vaults of the British Houses of Parliament, performed the duties of their office, reported that several suspicious-looking, microscopic Guy Fawkeses are arrested, thrust their lanterns into a heap of black sand, discovered that it was not gunpowder, beckoned to the King that all was well—and, lo! the great machine for the making and breaking of laws was set in motion. The whole affair passed off according to schedule. Everyone but Sir Henry Irving is now satisfied. The starving poor of London have seen real gold dragging in the mud of the streets; so now they will be quite contented for another year. Sir Henry Irving's discontent can easily be understood; but, after all, it is petty. Why should Sir Henry believe that he should have a monopoly of gorgeous theatricals? He has every reason to expect competition.

Portraits by Moonlight.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Brief Biographies—No. XXX.

BY SAM SMILES, JR.

ANDREW CARNEGIE owes his very existence to the accident of birth. By this statement of fact I do not mean to convey the impression that he was born the son of wealthy parents. No; Andrew Carnegie started life in the same humble way as that in which thousands of other great and wealthy men have started it—without even a coat to his back. At an early age he gave evidence of possessing well-developed faculties of organization and command. He was a mere youth—a bare-foot boy—when his voice was first heard in the land. His organizing ability was demonstrated by the masterly way in which he could get ten toes into his mouth at one and the same time.

Before he had reached the age of manhood his patriotism and ambition blazed forth. He beheld the cold steeley star of his destiny peep over the horizon. He fancied that he saw it wink at Skibo. At that moment his future was to him an open book. He realized that he was doomed to be wealthy. But here is where his patriotism came to his rescue, and saved him from being without honor in his own country. He would not become wealthy at the expense of his beloved countrymen. No; he would sail over-seas to a democracy, put it under tribute, then satirize it in "The Triumph of Democracy."

He came. He saw. He conquered. The atmosphere and free laws of this continent developed in the young Scotchman an enormous appetite, and the same organizing ability that had enabled him to accommodate ten toes at once, enabled him to surround the same number of companies with no greater loss of time.

Then the nobility and the self-sacrifice of the man

came out. He experienced the agony caused by over-eating; he squirmed with the pangs of monetary indigestion; that full feeling was followed by financial flatulency; and, to cap the climax, commercial insomnia crushed him towards the earth. Did he complain? Did he try to shirk the responsibilities imposed on him by Nature? Did he rest and float? No; not he. Too well he knew the misery that the gratification of the appetite will cause. He was born to be a martyr. He would save others from his fate. If he would eat everything, the great public could not injure itself. For the good of others he sacrificed himself. That was his greatest victory.

There are few mile-stones in his life, for he never paused in his activity to erect them. He has a strong preference for tomb-stones, which, from the respect that millions of men and women have for him, are "literarily" springing up throughout the English-speaking world, without any solicitation on the part of the man in whose honor they are erected.

Mr. Carnegie possesses a remarkable taste in literature. He has written a criticism of the late Homer, which—if that unfortunate person had lived long enough to hear it—would have opened the eyes of the bard. Mr. Carnegie believes that five hundred Pinkertons could have driven the combined forces of Greece and Troy into the sea. Taking this view as his premises, he comes to the conclusion that it is immoral to have such bloodless warriors held up as models for the modern youth to emulate.

In 1903 Mr. Carnegie closed the active part of his career by the benevolent conquest of Canada. For this purpose he considered the use of his Pinkertons unnecessary, for he had decided, some years previously, that the Canadians, as a nation, were not worth serious consideration. He, therefore, presented to them certain sums of money—to him insignificant—and instructed them to start at once the erecting of his monuments. In this, as in all things else, the soundness of his judgment was demonstrated.

In his declining years he returned to his native land; forgave the King of England for having been born the son of a Queen, on the promise of the latter that it should not occur again; and will die, at Skibo, some years, a few months, and thirty-six days before the celebration of his one hundredth birthday, to the last faithful to the religious sect to which he belongs—the Vulcanites.

Much Worse.

Miss Tooskore: "I hear that Mr. Flipjack spoke rather desparagingly of me the other evening. Said I hadn't arrived at years of discretion, didn't he?"

Miss Plassid: "Oh no, my dear, just the contrary. He said you had."

Miss Tooskore: "Oh, the horrid insulting wretch! I'll cut him dead!"

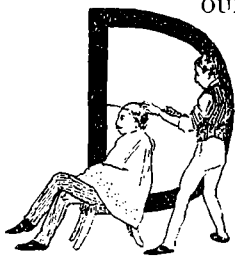
Few persons realize the number of disappointments that go to the making of a success.



Mrs. Doddikin : " Why, George ! Are you not going to the nahkrantzchen this evening ?"

Mr. Doddikin : " Great Heavens, no ! I'm not an anarchist, nor anything of that sort."

Heather's Ladies' Column.



DOUBTLESS you have all enjoyed the good things in the February magazines. I love magazines, one gets so many 'new' ideas. Only the other day a friend of mine, who *says* she is thirty-two, got (through Mumpsey's) the loveliest little thing in Wrinkle Eradicators. It is mounted in sterling silver, and looks so much like one of those roller blotters that one may carry it about and nobody ever suspect. It is really a sweet thing, and is made by the Edward Yonge Company, of Pennsylvania (those American advertisers always pay the best).

Some day, perhaps, I am going to get one myself, that is, if I live to be old enough, but, dear girls, I have a feeling that I shall never live to call myself old (what's the use?—one can always lie). It is a sad thought, but I like sad thoughts ; they furnish variety in what might otherwise be a life monotonously cheerful.

But forgive this little personal reference. I was speaking about magazines. I was particularly struck by an article by that dear man, Mr. Edouard Bokey, in his

delicious magazine, "The Ladies' Tittle-Tattle," on "How to live comfortably on ten cents a week (he called it a dime, but the principle is the same). I have never known anybody to display such a grasp of his subject ; so plain was his idea made, that, though he covered nearly three pages, I find I can condense the whole article into a few words. They are these : " Hang on to the ten cents and go and do somebody." Simple, isn't it? After all, when a great mind is simple it is very simple. And the advice is so sound ; it works like a charm. I have tried it, and I know. Next month he is going to tell us "How to live happily with a million a year." I expect something particularly edifying.

The editor made a joke the other day. At least he thinks it is a joke. He said : " Why, in your case, is anything Irish like an onion?" I said I didn't know, and he said : " Because it brings tears to your eyes."

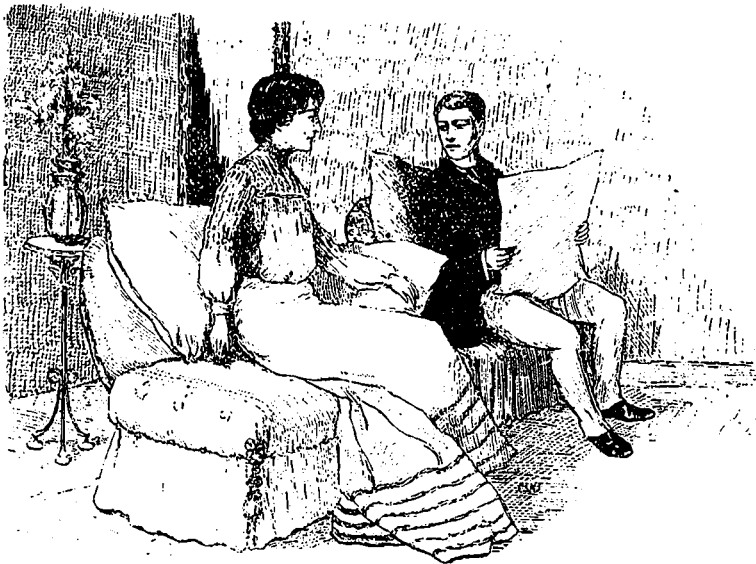
I thought he needed taking down a peg, so I asked him : "What is the difference between an editor and an idiot?" He gave it up, and I said : " There isn't any."

Another thing I noticed was in the "Canadian One and Only." It was an article by the gifted editor of that periodical, and dealt with the subject, "Is headache curable?" The author, looking at his question from a scientific standpoint, argued very plausibly that an affirmative answer might be given. He said that it is an undisputed fact that headache is caused by brains. The remedy is obvious—remove the brains. But it might be objected that this is dangerous. Not at all. If the progress of civilization has proven anything, it has proven the uselessness of brains. The very best government positions are now obtainable by those warranted "brainless." Cheek, neck, the gift o' the gab, all these a man may have and succeed, but brains—no ! The author, with rare courage, declared that he would himself submit to the operation in order to prove the truth of his theory. But this, he added, is impossible, as he has never suffered from a headache in his life.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Smart.—Don't try to be too clever, dear. Men don't like it. Just be clever enough not to seem clever.

Sciaticus.—There are many remedies for your com.



For a Good Reason.

She: "Mr. Spongerton was boasting the other day of his wide circle of acquaintances."

He: "Yes, I can imagine that it is quite a wide one. They like him best at a distance."

plaint. *At present*, however, I am not under contract to recommend any. Try a doctor.

Student.—"In my mind's eye" *may* be from Shakespeare, but it *sounds* slangy.

English.—Yes, the right words are "far—farthest; fur—furtherest." As in the sentence "Be you going *fur*?" or "Red is a color which may be seen *fur* at a distance."

Little One.—Yours is a sad letter. My heart bleeds for you. I hardly know how to advise you to get even. You might circulate the report that she dyes her hair. She will deny it, of course, but people would expect that.

Mother.—Yes, the kiddies are doing very well. Gustavus Adolphus (Dolphy, we call him) eats two pounds of prime beef a day, and Madora (Meldie) lives largely on samples; we get them sent in to try. She is a sweet, prudent child.

HEATHER.

Brief Personal Sketches.

BY FAMOUS AMERICANS.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

I am a rich man. I will not say I am the richest man in the world, for that would be egotistical, and egotism is against my principles; but I am wealthy, immensely wealthy.

I am a member of the church, and a church worker. I am also a member of the stock exchange, and a stock worker. I believe in working things.

I love the church, and the church loves me, There is something in such love as this; the church gains by it, and so do I.

I am a benevolent man. I give great gifts to educational institutions, and in so doing help disseminate, not only learning, but fame; and that, in my opinion, is a famous thing to do. And my friend, Carnegie, thinks so, too.

I was a poor boy, and am not ashamed of it. I believe in poor boys; and in poor men, too. I believe that honest poverty is often a blessing. I have said that in my Sunday school. My belief in it is so well grounded that I have often used my influence to make men poor, and to keep them so, that they might be blest. And I have done it conscientiously, that is to say, with a well trained conscience.

I am a man of peace, and believe in pouring oil on troubled waters. But they won't mix! Oh, that they would!

I believe also in pouring water on troubled oil-stock. And, thank Heaven, they mix!

I am not yet an old man, but I realize that I must die. Therefore

will I press forward toward the prize of the high calling, which is in the stock market, and make my election sure as the first billionaire of earth. I do not put my trust in money; I find it more profitable to put my money in the trust. Finally, my creed is this: I believe in God, Money, Standard Oil, and the Church.

—JIM WILEY.

Of One Flesh.

"**W**OE waits the land to Mammon's god a prey,
Where men but live to give estates away,
Endow a College, or erect a spire,
Teaching the Son, they help to rob the Sire,
That babes unborn *their* praises yet may tell,
Their earthly pomp their heaven, tho' built on hell."

Thus saith the sordid one with horny hand,
Who digs for treasure or who tills the land.
Eager he sees his hoard of pennies grow,
Until he counts his houses, row on row;
Cashes his coupons, as they grow apace;
Then talks of Legislative pow'r and place;
Packs a convention, pays the needed sum;
In Legislative halls now hear him hum;
Grants a concession for a stated share,
And blossoms out a full-fledged Millionaire.
A self-made man; his maker he doth praise;
Endows a College and a spire doth raise.

D. S. MACORQUODALE.



"MACBETH" AT OTTAWA.

Macbeth: "Then comes my dream again! Hence, horrible shadow—unreal mockery, hence!!"

Extracts from a New High School Ethnological and Historical Geography

About to be Authorized by the Education Department, A.D. 2287.

THE Dominion of Carnegia is bounded on the north by Captain Bernier, on the west by the Chinese Immigration Question and the Imaginary Alaska Boundary, on the south by the United Trusts of America, and on the east by Marconi and the Maine Liquor Law. *Page 5.*

The origin of the Carnegians is shrouded in obscurity, but there are evidences that a considerable degree of civilization existed among the early inhabitants. In general, however, they appear to have been a proud, barbarous and independent race, and it was only after an heroic and protracted struggle that they succumbed to the successive inroads of the forces of organized charity, under the brilliant leadership of A. Carnegius Skibos, in the early part of the 20th century. Monuments to his prowess, and to that of the Librarian Legions that marched under his Eagles and shared his Dollars, still remain in many parts of the country, although in numerous cases, in a ruinous and neglected condition, mute witnesses of the transitory character of human glory. *Pages 76-77.*

But not all the effects of the Librarian Invasion were of this ephemeral character, nor was their occupation of the country unattended by any beneficial results. On the contrary, our present high degree of civilization and refinement is directly traceable to the influence of these devoted pioneers of bibliocracy. Inspired by their example, and yielding to their exertions, the natives gradually abandoned the primitive practices of barter and wage-earning, and, before long, instead of buying and selling, they learned to beg with ease and assiduity. The barbarous and disgusting methods by which they enforced their demands, and the ceremonies attendant upon the discharge of the duties of their superstitious citizenship, by degrees fell into disuse, and were succeeded by an enlightened mendicancy and a refined solicitation. They even lost, in the course of time, the art of stealing, in which they had attained considerable proficiency, and finally, in what may be termed the Golden Age of Carnegia, they developed the perfect fruit of civilization, and ripened into full parasitism. *Pages 82-83.*

These changes in the moral and social condition of the race were accompanied by a corresponding alteration and improvement in the physical characteristics of the Carnegians. In the dark ages that preceded the coming of the Librarians, the native spine was stiff, rigid and inelastic; but as civilization spread over the country and poured its refining influence upon the minds of the people, the backbone gradually relaxed its awkward uprightness, became supple, flexible, and, as we see it to-day, capable of assuming the most graceful sinuosities. The palms of the hands, too, in the aborigines, hardened, callous, and contracted by senseless labor, in time softened and expanded to the proportions that we now know. The fingers, likewise, once so weak and

abbreviated, increased in length and prehensile power; while the lower jaw, which in the un-Libraried native was, in common with all the other low forms of animal life, large, strong and somewhat firmly set, grew loose and pendulous, and finally, by graceful and almost imperceptible undulations, receded into the neck. Thus, in the process of evolution, through many years, and in spite of many obstacles, has the human race at last attained to that perfect symmetry of mind and body, that calm equipose of soul, of which the Carnegian man of this age is so noble and so conspicuous an example. *Pages 106-108.*

—C. W. JEFFERYS.

Obvious.

Passing Stranger: "In this country of vast natural resources more energy is required in the development of our industrial interests."

Sinnick (reflectively): "I wonder now who that fellow is getting ready to do up."

Grumbler: "I wanted a bit of red tape for bunting, and have been to all the big department stores; don't believe there is any to be had in the city."

Tumbler: "Have you tried the Custom House?"



A Fraudulent Imitation.

Stapleton: "That's an English suit you have on, I suppose."

Caldecott: "Well, no; between ourselves—I've found a tailor here who fits me so badly that nobody would ever know the difference."



"And what is your favorite animal, Cissey?"
"Oh, uncle, MAN!"

The Soldiers' International Union.

SOLDIERS!" said Major-General Jinglespur, concluding his brief address to the Canadian army, "the enemy is before you. I need say no more to patriotic Canadians, eager for the fray. I know that every man of you would shed the last drop of his blood for his country. Let the battle beign. Forward! March!"

"Excuse me, General," said a smart young private, stepping out of the front rank and saluting, "There are one or two little matters to be arrauged first. At a meeting of the union, held last evening, a resolution was

unanimously adopted to the effect that we go on strike unless the non-unionists are discharged."

"——!?!? * * * * *!?!? —— ——!!" exclaimed the General, who was one of the old school. "Sergeant, have that man shot instantly."

The sergeant addressed apparently took no notice of the command.

"Mutiny, rank mutiny!" roared the General. "What does all this mean? By Heavens, I'll have the regiment decimated. Arrest

both those men, somebody! Can you explain this, Colonel?"

"I don't really know what's got into the men's heads," replied the Colonel. "I heard some fool talk about the men's forming a union, but I never dreamed that it would go so far as this."

"Union! A soldiers' union! By ——! ——! * * * * *! I never heard of such a thing! Are they all crazy? Forward, I say! Forward, on the double! The enemy is advancing."

Not a man moved. "There's no hurry," said the spokesman for the unionists. "They won't attack us until this matter is settled."

"Now, who the devil are you, anyway, and what have you to say about it?"

"I, sir," said the young man, firmly, "am the secretary and business agent of the Canadian Soldiers' Union, affiliated with the International body. There are a number of scabs in the ranks. We demand the discharge of these men. We will not fight with scabs."

"Traitors! Scoundrels!" shouted the General. "Are you going to stand there and let the Yankees shoot you down without resistance? Is the honor of your country nothing to you?"

"We put the interests of our class before our country, as your class has always done," replied the young soldier. "But the enemy won't shoot us yet. As I said, our organization is an International one. Nearly all the American soldiers are in it. I have only to send a message that there is trouble on here, and there will be a sympathetic strike."

The General was too overcome to reply; and the Secretary, drawing a note-book from his pocket, hastily scribbled a few lines. He signalled to a cavalry corps near by, when one of the troopers rode forward, to whom he handed the message.

"To the Secretary of the International," he said. "He's a sergeant in a Michigan regiment."

"What's this? What's this?" said the Colonel. "Treasonable communication with the enemy?"

Just then a shell burst near their lines. The artillery was opening fire.

"This is merely a note to tell them to keep away because there's a strike on. Is it to go?" asked the Secretary, as another shell exploded near them.

"Yes, yes—for Heaven's sake—let him take it," said the General, and the horseman, waving a white flag, dashed off towards the enemy's lines.

"Now, sir, you see how it is," said the Secretary, "We are well organized. Nine-tenths of



the army belong to the union, and will obey its officials sooner than your commands. We demand the discharge of all non-unionists; otherwise, not a man will fight. What do you say?"

"It's most unheard of and unprecedented," replied General Jinglespur. "But this is what comes of popular education and universal suffrage. I must consult the officers."

Hastily summoning a council, the question was debated for an hour or so, the firing having ceased, and the enemy apparently showing no disposition to be troublesome. At the end of that time the union officials were summoned to the tent, and told that their demands had been acceded to, and that all the scabs would be sent home.

"Now, I suppose you are ready to attack the enemy?" said the General.

"Well, no," replied the secretary. "You see, our messenger has just returned with a message that a sympathetic strike has been declared in the American army, and that while they were about it they thought they might as well ask for considerably higher pay. That strike is still on. If they get an increase to \$2 a day we must have the same. In the meantime, a meeting of the International Executive to consider the whole situation has been called for to-night. We can't have the business of the union interfered with by battles and such. In fact, it is quite possible that we may conclude not to fight at all."

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

The Apology of "Othello Di Gamey."

(An answer to the charge of using witchcraft on the electors of Manitoulin.)

Most impotent, grave and revered signiors,
My very sober and obtuse good masters—

That I have really won this seat
It is most true; true I do hold it;
The very head and front of mine offending
Hath this extent—no more.

Rude am I in my speech (loud cheers)
And little blessed with the set phrase of speech (hear, hear).

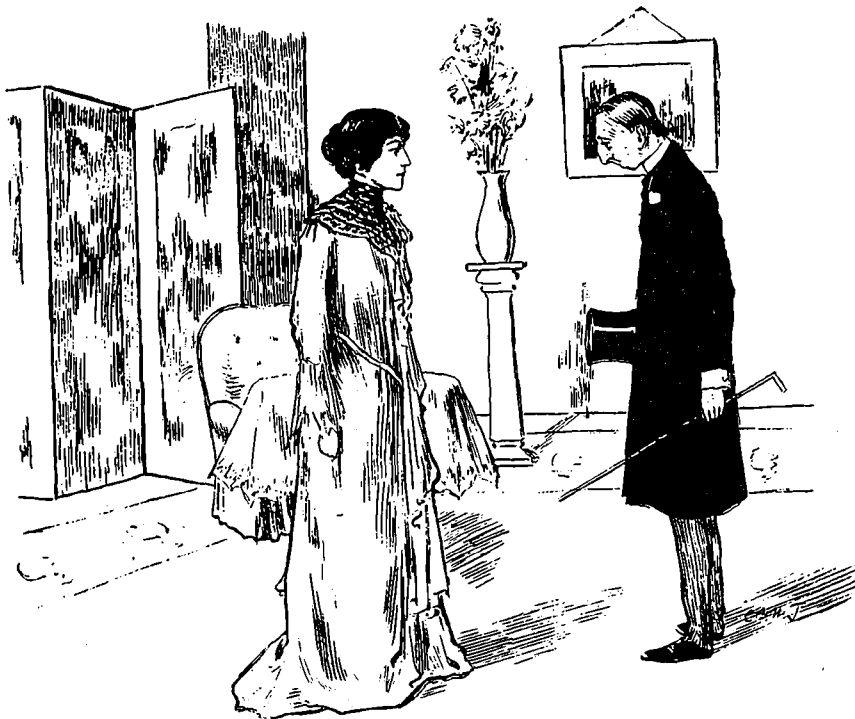
For since my lip first knew a razor,
It has used its dearest powers in winning "lives,"
And earning "premiums."
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself (loud cries of "Go on Gamey").

But, by your gracious patience,
I shall a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my own push and shove.
My father raised me; often chastened me,
Still dragged me upward through this weary life
From year to year.
I lived it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that I now do tell it.
Wherein I went through many phases
Of working accidents in flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in that imminent deadly
ditch (a voice: "Manitoulin");
Of travels (for insurance), through that strange island,
Wherein—so travellers tell us—men's necks
Sprout from their shoulders;
Of being led by my ambition to enter politics;
Of my endeavors thence, and portance in politic
history.

These things to hear
Would Manitoulin seriously incline;
But still insurance work would call me hence,
Which, ever as I could with haste dispatch,

I'd come again, and with
persuasive voice
Renew my discourse; and I,
observing,
Took once a pliant time, and
found good means
To draw from her a prayer
of earnest heart,
That I would at the next elec-
tion stand
And try for Parliament. I
did consent,
And often did beguile them
of their wits,
When I did tell of future
deeds
My fancy pictured. My story
being done,
They gave me for my pains
a vote of size.
They thanked me, and bade
me if I had a friend
—Ambitious—who wanted
their support for Parli-
ament,
That I would teach him how
to tell my tale,
And that would win them.

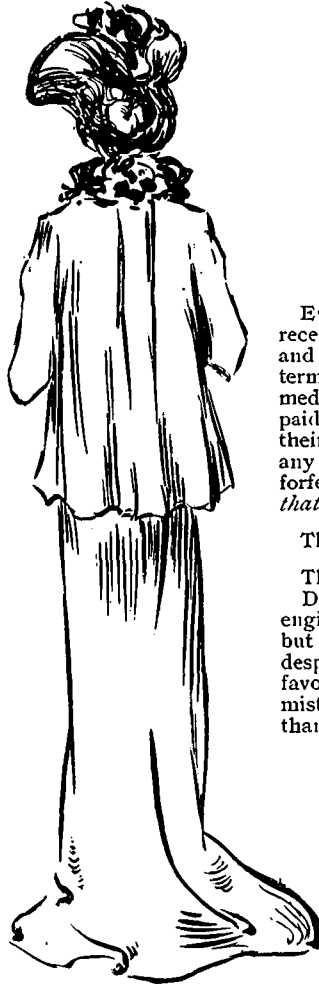
Upon this hint, I speak;
They loved me for the yarns
that I did spin,
And I love them because they
swallowed them.
—This only is the witchcraft
I have used.



He: "?"
She: "!!!"



C.S.M.J.



Gave Herself Away.

He: "Mrs. Beaumonde's pretensions to having moved in the most aristocratic circles in England were completely exposed last evening."

She: "How so?"

He: "Why, when Flipjack ventured a rather *risqué* remark, she positively blushed."

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Dentistry	Theosophy
Demonology	Theatricals
Electricity	Thimble Rigging
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Imperialism	Water Curing
Judging	Whiskey Curing

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The Interplanetary Correspondence School, Toronto.

Dear Sirs: I took a three years' course in civil engineering in the best old time colleges in Canada, but found they could do nothing for me. In my despair I tried a course with you, and am progressing favorably. I can now play "bridge" with very few mistakes. My diploma is a work of art, for which I thank you.

Faithfully yours,

FREDDIE.

The Interplanetary Correspondence School, Toronto.

Dear Sirs: After one course with you in poetry making I can now write such good metre that I never have to correct the feet. I can reel it off without measuring, and not a line will be half an inch out. I look on my diploma as being as good as anything in it's line; the seal on it being very large. —JERRY JINGLER.

The Interplanetary Correspondence School, Toronto.

Dear Sirs: I and my partner were up against it so badly that our landlady wanted us to move, and we had to go round two blocks to avoid several tailors. We took one course with you in loan floating, and have now each a fair pile of the long green. With the knowledge we have received we hope soon to float a land company on a large scale, and would let you in on the ground floor for a few hundred shares.

NICKOLAS NOLAN.

His Natural Style.

She: "How naturally Mr. Saphead talks!"

He: "Humph! Talks like an idiot."

She: "Very much like one."

Jack: "Were his gambling losses very heavy?"

Tom: "Not very. Only about equal to one ordinary railroad accident."

Buster: "Did the accident cause much loss?"

Redhead: "Not very much. The porters had finished their work before it happened, and they all escaped."

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Independent Order of Foresters

Benefits Paid During the Year 1902.

CLASS OF CLAIMS	NUMBER	AMOUNT
Insurance or Mortuary	1,272	\$1,452,068.03
Expectation of Life	2	1,600.00
Total and Permanent Disability	148	97,367.50
Old Age Disability	130	17,600.00
Sickness	8,774	166,882.64
Funeral	259	12,832.88
Totals	10,585	\$1,748,351.05

Average Benefit Payments, 1902

Average Daily Payment for Benefits During the year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays). **\$5,585.78**

Average Hourly Payment for Benefits During the year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays) allowing 10 working hours to the day. **\$558.57**

And while these Magnificent Payments were being made the **BENEFIT FUNDS CONTINUED TO ACCUMULATE.**

Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1902... **\$5,261,831.52**
 " " 1st January, 1903... **6,070,663.48**
 Increase during the year 1902 **808,831.96**

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order.

Insurance or Mortuary	\$10,621,823.59
Total and Permanent Disability	532,706.76
Old Age Disability	53,970.28
Sick and Funeral	1,523,155.84
Grand Total	\$12,731,656.47

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to any officer or member.

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